

The Midnight Madness of Vernon Dursley

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Summary: When Vernon Dursley intakes a line of cocaine and gets hold of a deadly weapon one night, the country unknowingly becomes victim to his inner demons.

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Chapter One

Vernon Gets Wild

Vernon Dursley hunched over and snorted up a prepared line of cocaine that dusted itself across the kitchen side. The tiles were so clean from Petunia's polishing that it was almost impossible to even see the white powder that had settled itself there like a bright cloud pregnant with snow.

>Dudley and his mother Petunia sat on the three-seater coach watching the television as they ate their supper. The electric box was spitting out noises too loudly for either of them to hear Vernon's second snort that vacuumed the remaining grains of insanity.
Vernon felt the nasal canal in his nostrils incinerate as though it were a spice he had let loose in his brain. But then it went numb, as well as his throat which also fell into a state of non-feeling. And then came the second stage where the increasing fight of his fat heart that begun to attack his ribcage followed by the cartoon-like dilation of his pupils occurred.

>He stood there with his left hands' fingertips lightly pressing against the edge of the sparkling side, taking in the progressing rush that was raving in his bloodstream. He was a virgin to drugs at this level. Sure he smoked the occasional weed once in a while, but welcoming the white demon in his head was an entirely new euphoria.
Overwhelming alleviation was the final sensation that seemed to wash down his body and back up as though he had just sunk head-deep into a bathtub of warm water and then surfaced in an

instant. It was incredible, he felt as though he were not only king of his household, but of the world.

>'POTTER!' Uncle Vernon bellowed in his unyielding rush.
The television continued to blabber, but both Petunia and Dudley had turned their faces toward Vernon.

>Vernon stood firmly in his pale blue night gown and flimsy slippers as he had a staring contest with the hallway where he knew his sickening nephew Harry would soon appear. He had unknowingly begun to lick the edges of his lips in a weak attempt to release overloading energy that circulated his body.
Dudley turned back to the television and continued to scrape strawberry ice cream off his spoon. Petunia wanted to do the same, but her eyes had become fixated on those of her husbands which she did not at all recognise. She was becoming hopelessly terrified.

Vernon exhaled impatiently from his numb nostrils like an infuriated bull as he heard Harry dragging his disgraceful feet downstairs. There would be no recalcitrance before Vernon today, as far as he was concerned, he was God. He was the creator of God.

>Eventually, Harry's feet met the green tongue of the hallway carpet and then became rooted as his emerald eyes met the alien-like abyss of Vernon's pupils.
'What is it?' Harry bravely spoke.

>Vernon charged, his slippers slapping against the tiles of the kitchen floor.
Harry instinctively reached for the back pocket of his denim jeans where his wand slept. He was not fast enough.

>'RAGH!' Vernon roared as his enormous figure collided with Harry's, bring them both down with Vernon on top.
Petunia shrieked as a clatter of dishes sounded in the living room. She darted with her son closely behind her to the mouth of the hallway to inspect the commotion.

>Dudley still had a small ring of pink ice cream cooling on his lips.
'GET OFF ME!' Harry yelled as he physically fought with his cracked uncle.

>Vernon tightened a grip around Harry's throat and pressured his Adam's apple.
Harry felt his eyes begin to bulge and his oxygen begin to limit itself. He tried to kick and punch any inch of his uncle, but he was far too small and weak to put up any fight. And then something happened which made his eyes widen even more from a disturbing realisation; he felt his uncle's meaty hand slipping down his back to his left buttock.

>'Do-don't t-touch me there!' Harry coughed as his uncle disobediently felt around his private quarters.
'Got it!' Vernon exclaimed, relieving Harry of his oxygen-killing grip and getting to his feet to cast a dominating shadow over him.

>Harry gratefully sucked in a mouthful of air, and then felt an even worse horror infest his consciousness. His uncle had disarmed him of his wand, he was defenceless.
Harry used his elbows to try and rise; an aching pain had printed itself across his collar bone from Vernon's weight.

>'Sit down, mate!' Vernon spat, kicking Harry hard in his right shoulder to send him back down on his back.
Harry was blinded by the light that hung on the ceiling; it singed his eyes and forced them shut. He blindly attempted to get back up, but he felt his uncle's slipper land flat on his chest to keep him down.

>'Dearâ€|what â€" what are you doing?' Vernon's wife managed to say through her fear. Despite her mutual dislike for Harry, she would never have wished such abuse upon him.
Vernon kept his foot pressured down upon Harry's chest, but struck his wife a look of

apoplexy.

>'How dare you question my actions!' Vernon shouted, pointing Harry's wand at his wife and waving it stupidly with wild inexperience.
Dudley's eyes grew with trauma at the sight of Harry's wand, and he turned on his heels to retreat into the living room.

>The wand suddenly came to life in Vernon's hateful grip and shot out a group of colourful sparks. Somehow " to Harry's great fright - he was able to cast magic.
The light above their heads shattered from the tension that the sorcery was building. Glass shrapnel landed in Vernon's hair and scattered across Harry's face.

>Harry opened his eyes and tried to push Vernon's foot from his chest. It was impossible.
Petunia screamed in shock, not due to the destruction of the hallway light that left them all in the dark, but because of what followed.

>'DIE! WOMAN!' Vernon roared as he made fierce stabbing motions with the wand in her direction.
A fiery snake leaked from the wand's tip, it was far too small and non-threatening at first to cause much concern at first, but as it collided with the carpet, it set the hallway completely alight. The flames rose and snaked towards Petunia as though Vernon was guiding its path.

>Vernon cackled and ran to the front door to escape, forgetting that his foot had even been on his nephew's chest.
The crackling of fire and screams of Dudley and Petunia were the only sounds in all of Privet Drive. Vernon was just setting foot in the middle of the road, not caring for any late-night commuters who may just speed on dangerously past him as he licked the edges of his mouth, when his cocaine-influenced mind gave him a fantastic idea.

>Let's set Surrey on fire.

End
file.